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tinually generates difference, and yet continually dissolves this difference into unity with itself through recognition, hence it is self-consciousness. This, then, is the highest principle of all.

How the self-conscious One is related to the world we discussed in the note on "Pantheism, or God the Universe," (J. S. P. for July, 1875). It would be a mistake (according to our view) to suppose this totality of self-relation a sort of indifferent totality or dead result. The essential point to note is that its self-relation reduces its differences to identity, and yet the same self-relation is self-determination, and hence generative of difference. Such an activity is exactly what we find in self-consciousness, and is not possible as a dead identity. It is a living activity. As highest Principle of the Universe, it must next explain the world and the multiplicity of "potentialities, things, men." This it does, as we have endeavored to show in the note referred to.

EDITOR.

An Old Picture.

Wrapped in a charmed indolence
With slothful lashes half-dropped down,
On cheeks just flushed with quickened sense
Of some sweet pain that she has known—

'Tis so the artist paints her, well
If we could break the silences
Of long-forgotten years to tell
What followed on those hours of peace.

If we could read in those calm eyes
The story of her after years—
If any ship, sailed any seas
And brought her costly freight of tears.

If agony held secret power
To pale the sweetness of her mouth—
And rob her of her pictured dower
Of beauty, or her heritage of youth,

What then? we know that she was fair—
We know that through immortal years
The canvas boasts the unfaded hair,
The glorious eyes, undimmed with tears.

How much of joy or pain was hers,
What curious soul should guess or care?
We stand among her worshippers
And only know—that she was fair.

BOSTON, October, 1875.

MARY CHRISTINE KIPP.